

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1917

One Halfpenny.

GREECE'S PENANCE—TROOPS MAKE SOLEMN REPARATION FOR
THE TREACHERY OF LAST DECEMBER.



Allied officers in full dress bore the colours.



Allied diplomats and officers awaiting the salute on the steps of the Zappeion



Another view taken at the Zappeion showing two of the officers with the colours.

Prince Andrew took part in the solemn atonement required by the Allies for the Greek treachery of December 1. The ceremony took place in the Zappeion-square, Athens, where four Allied standards were saluted by a body of soldiers and sailors representing

nearly all the troops left in the capital. As each platoon passed the officer leading it lowered his sword to the flags, which the men faced. Our colour-bearers and their escorts remained motionless, but the whole company on the steps returned the salute.

60,000 MEN FOR NEW INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

No Conscription of Labour Intended, Says Minister.

MR. DILLON'S FEARS.

"Sixty thousand men have already joined the new industrial army to do work of national importance and have been placed in the five divisions of the Army."

This interesting announcement was made in the House of Commons yesterday by Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary, who made the second reading of the National Service Bill.

His main points were:—

To some extent to answer the steps taken by Germany when a short time ago she made a levy on her population for civil duties. Men must be found for the Army if the plans prepared in consultation with our Allies were not to misfire.

The Government could not, and would not, use any powers in the Bill for industrial compulsion. They were asking for specific powers from Parliament for any measure of that kind.

Men and women must be found for munitions if our efforts were not to fail for want of guns and shells, and vital home industries such as agriculture and mines, and the transport and export trade must be maintained to equip and supply our Army and the civilian population, together with the armies of our Allies.

It was not the Government's intention to entirely close down non-essential trades, but to but to limit the number employed in them.

"Who is to be the judge of what is an essential industry?" asked Sir J. Tudor Walters.

The Home Secretary: The Director of National Service.

Proceeding, he said they had to get the men and they had to place them. They proposed to get them by appealing for volunteers between the ages of seventeen and sixty-one.

"POWER OF ONE MAN."

Mr. J. H. Thomas said that there was not a great deal of labour in the country, and he thought it was a very drastic step to place in the hands of one man the decision of what was or what was not an essential industry.

Mr. T. E. Harvey seconded.

Mr. Dillon said that if the House passed the Bill in its present form there was no doubt that the Government would be invested with the power to have compulsory service in this country.

The Government did not anticipate that the voluntary system would be a success, and no one in the House anticipated it.

The Bill was merely paving the way for Ministers to come to the House in two or three weeks saying that voluntary effort having failed they must have recourse to compulsion.

To the general muddle caused by setting up so many new departments it was proposed to add another department and make confusion worse confounded.

He believed they would be laying the foundation for most serious labour troubles if an attempt was made to handle labour in England in this way.

NEW CLAUSE PROMISED.

Mr. G. Cave, replying to the debate, said he thought Mr. Dillon was rather premature in formulating a bill of such severity to the efforts of the Director of National Service.

It would be a relief to him if the intention on the compulsion question did not depend on any words of his, but on words actually in the Bill.

He gave the assurance that they would frame words which would reassure the House on that point.

In view of this assurance, an amendment to reject the Bill was withdrawn, and it was read a second time.

"INCORRECT MINISTER."

There was a breeze in the House earlier in the evening.

Mr. Ginnell expressed dissatisfaction with a reply given by Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, and ended his protest by remarking: "You are an impudent Minister!" The Speaker said that that was an improper dictate.

Mr. Ginnell: Then he is an impudent Minister. The Speaker: That is equally bad. I must tell the House member to withdraw.

Mr. Ginnell: I will withdraw if you say he correct.

Speaker: I will accept the adjective if the member uses "incorrect" instead of those words. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Ginnell: All right. He is an incorrect (Laughter.)

Speaker: Right again. The Home Secretary

agreed that the Committee ap-

proposed to consider the working of summer

months decided to recommend

this year. A Bill would be

delayed.



Their trip to Ireland being concluded, the Canadian Irish are undergoing a strict course of training. Here they are making a charge.

REAL GARDEN CITY.

Business Men's Effort to Grow Vegetables Instead of Flowers.

WINDOW-BOX PLOTS.

London to-day is a vast city of amateur gardeners.

The regular army of enthusiasts who begin busying themselves with their hobby at this time of the year are now increased by tens of thousands of men who are keen to follow the Prime Minister's advice and "make every available square yard produce food."

The manager of a leading firm of seed cultivators told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that they were selling far more vegetable seeds now than flower seeds."

Even the window-box flower garden which brightened many a home in London's poorest thoroughfares is being converted into a window-box market garden.

"Tomatoes will grow on a sunny window-sill, and peas, dwarf beans, spring onions, lettuces and radishes.

The window-boxes with small gardens in the fronts and backs of their houses should be beginning to sow beans, onions and leeks very liberally now that the days are lengthening out, as well as early carrots, turnips and cabbages.

"The potato is, of course, the vegetable which should receive first consideration.

"NO STRANGER ABOUT."

Coroner Says London Explosion Was Due to Pure Accident.

When the inquest on seventeen victims of the recent munitions explosion at a London munition works was resumed Mr. Wynne Baxter, the coroner, said there was nothing in the evidence taken by the Government Commission to suggest that the explosion was other than a pure accident.

There was nothing to show that there was a stranger about the building or in the vicinity of the building on the fatal afternoon.

Mr. Edward Keith Price, Deputy-Director-General of Explosives, on behalf of the Minister of Munitions, said:—

"I have come here to answer a question which you will probably have in your mind—namely, as to why an explosives factory was situated in such a populous district.

"We cannot help accidents, but one can use every possible means of eliminating them as far as possible, and every possible means of eliminating them is being used."

A verdict of Death from misadventure was returned.

PROPHETIC PRISONER.

Thief Who Preferred Convicts' Quarries to Soldiers' Trenches.

"I see the quarries staring me in the face, but I would rather go there than to the trenches."

This was what Reuben Harris (thirty-four), a carman, told the detectives when arrested for stealing forty bags of sugar valued at £150, the property of his employer.

Charged at the London Sessions yesterday, the man had his pre-seeay about the quarries because his convictions having been proved, the prisoner was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

"Thank you very much," he said, gleefully, as he made a rapid exit down the cell staircase.

"There you are, gentlemen," remarked Sir R. Wallace. "As he has said, he is not escaping the quarries, but he is the trenches."

PARTY OF THE FUTURE.

A powerful speech in favour of Imperial preference was made by Mr. Massey, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, in London yesterday.

Our duty was by far the best method to produce all the foodstuffs within the Empire for its inhabitants, he urged.

The Party that would govern in the future must be an Imperial Party.

"THE DAILY MIRROR."

Increase of Price to 1d. on Monday Next.

REASONS FOR CHANGE.

On and after Monday next the price of *The Daily Mirror* will be 1d.

Owing to the present high cost of producing a daily picture paper—that cost is now nearly three times greater than in pre-war days—*The Daily Mirror* was faced with two alternatives:—

An increase in price or
A complete change in the quality of production.

The latter course was not thought to be in the national interest nor in the interest of its readers.

The adequate illustration of the war day by day is possible only under certain conditions. The production of *The Daily Mirror* as it is now familiar to readers in all parts of the world, requires:—

A special and costly paper.
A special ink.

Years of organisation and great expenditure in securing and reproducing photographs.

Keeping an army of photographers in all parts of the world.

A photograph may cost £100. It may cost £1,000. *The Daily Mirror* has frequently paid these prices. It has spared no pains or expenditure to maintain its reputation as the world's leading picture paper.

It has been decided to continue this policy, although it involves an expenditure which now makes the production of a great picture paper like *The Daily Mirror* at 1d. impossible.

THE ALTERNATIVE POLICY.

The alternative policy was to use cheaper paper and ink and drastically cut down expenditure in the matter of securing and reproducing photographs. In brief, to produce a very inferior *Daily Mirror*—a *Daily Mirror* which would bear no resemblance to the paper now familiar to millions all over the world.

This policy, it was felt, would not be in accordance with our readers' wishes, and would have led to great disappointment at a period when, at the war's climax, it was, above all, important to present photographs printed in a manner worthy of the deeds they will depict.

And only by using costly materials is such production possible.

The Daily Mirror will therefore be maintained at its present high standard of perfection and all its features will be retained.

A REAL NECESSITY.

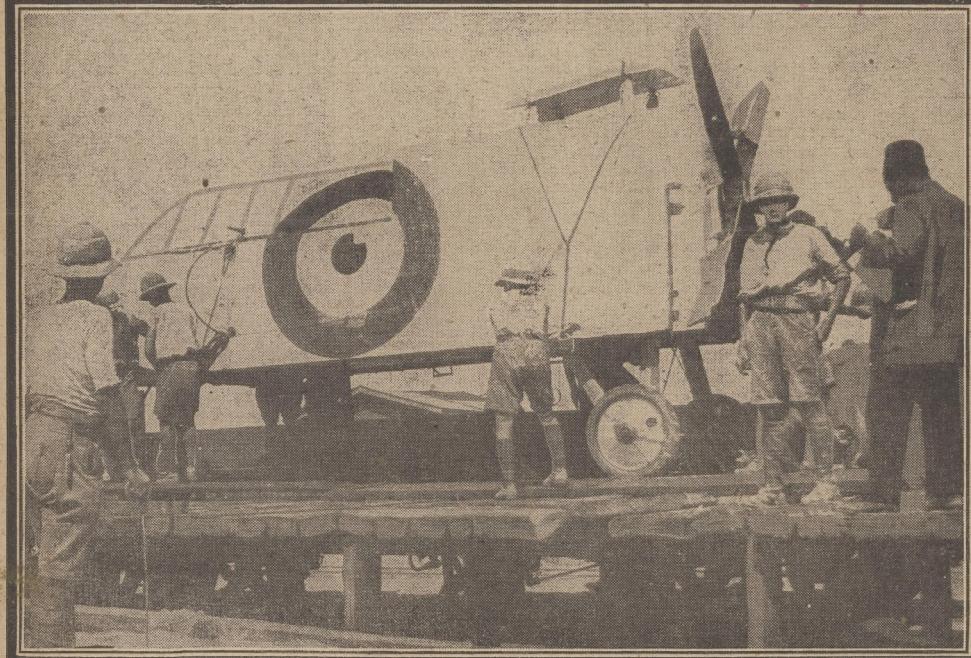
When conditions are normal the price will revert to one halfpenny, but for the present it must necessarily be continued at one penny.

As heretofore, *The Daily Mirror* will present the best war pictures, and its exclusive photographs of world-important events will, as always in the past, make the reading of the paper a necessity.

At the price of one penny *The Daily Mirror* will continue to be the greatest picture paper value in the world. Readers, we are convinced, will readily support a policy which is conceived only in their interests, and is a real necessity under war prices.

Orders should be placed at once to save disappointment, as, to suit the requirements of the State, there can be no unnecessary waste of paper.

THE STRUGGLE FOR KUT—A NEW AEROPLANE ARRIVES.



Unloading an aeroplane from a train in Mesopotamia. Good news comes from this front, the British force being before Kut, the base of all operations against Bagdad. The Turks, according to a recent telegram, have been surrendering in droves.

NEW STRETCHER TRANSPORTER, WHICH SAVES BOTH TIME AND LABOUR.



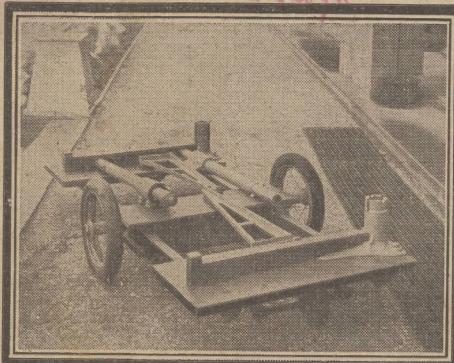
With two patients. A larger one can carry four.

The trolley in use. It can turn in its own length.

IN SIX REIGNS.



Gilchrist, of
, who celebrated
yesterday.
ed under six
reigns.



The stretcher transporter dismantled for storage purposes.
Under the old methods it took two men to carry a stretcher, but
a nurse can wheel this appliance easily. It is the invention of
Mr. Thomas Crawford, of Bristol.

NEW APPOINTMENT



Mr. Harry Brittain, a founder of the Pilgrims' Club, who has been appointed Director of Intelligence, National Service Department.



*Daily I watch the waning of my bloom.
Ah, pitious fading of a thing so fair!
While fate, remorseless, weaves at her loom,
Twines 'twixt silver in my twisted hair.*

Only women know the poignant tragedy of the silver streak—the symbol of departing youth. In these days, alas! care and worry, the constant effort to mask anxiety behind a brave and smiling countenance, have brought on to women prematurely—the silvery touch of Time.

SEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR

"You simply comb it thro"

Seegerol is the staunch and valued friend of three-quarters of a million women all over the world, because there is nothing so natural in its effect, because it is absolutely harmless to the hair, because it is washable and permanent because it never fades to those tell-tale tints which ordinary hair dye so ludicrously produce. You can get Seegerol in any natural shade required. Your own Chemist or Stores will gladly supply you with Seegerol. Its price is 2/- the flask. It is produced in six natural shades—brown, dark brown, light brown, black, auburn and golden.

THE NATION'S CALL FOR MORE FOOD.

SOY
JOHN K. KING'S
GARDEN "PEDIGREE" GARDEN
SEEDS

FOR THE BEST RESULTS.
Catalogue Free.
JOHN K. KING & SONS, The King's
Seed Growers, COGGLESHALL.

WAR—CONSUMPTION.

The Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have escaped the Hun's hands have done so to be claimed by the insidious germ of the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat this bacillus. There has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone suffering from Consumption or Tuberculosis in war or peace, will write for full particulars of the Stevens' Treatment; or if full details of the case are sent a supply of the remedy itself will be dispatched, specially suitable, on the distinct understanding that payment will be made for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received, and considers the progress made warrants its continuance. Only address, Charles H. Stevens, 204 and 206, Worple-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.—(Advt.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; lists free.—J. Brodie, 41, Museum-st, London.

ARTICLES for Disposal.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces, 35s.; A. 1. silver-plated spoon and dinner knife, 1s. 6d.; Ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly given. Mrs. Rowles, 55, Second-av, Manor Park, Essex.

BABY CHAIR, 1s. 6d.; a good one; postage paid; we send you 6s. in the £1; cash or easy payment from 6s. monthly; send for the new catalogue free.—Direct Publishers, 10, Old Bond-st, Coventry.

Wanted to Purchase.

A R T I F I C I A L teeth (Old) bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st, London. The Original Pinchbeck, a fine alloy, containing 100 parts of copper, 100 parts of tin, 100 parts of zinc, 100 parts of lead, 100 parts of silver, 100 parts of gold, 100 parts of platinum £2; immediate cash or offers; call with or list, parades, mention Daily Mirror. Messrs. Page, The Balmoral, 10, Grosvenor-st, London, 1892. GENTS', Ladies' discarded clothing, all kinds; old, gold, silver, etc.; terms, oddments; prompt cash reward and Co., 123, Grosvenor-st, London. 1892. GOLD, Silver, Jewellery, old Teeth (any condition), Plate, etc., highest prices.—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st, W.

HOUSES TO LET.

WHY RENT a House? You would not rent anything else if you could buy it. If you have the money, you can buy your house whether you have capital or not.—Send for "Personal Ownership," post free application to The Managers, The Provident Association of London, 246, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. Mention "Daily Mirror."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW Cure for Disease and Nuisances will be sent post free by D. Clinton, 13, Bread-st, Hill, London, E.C. DRUGS.—"A New Remedy for Skin Diseases," sent free—Carlton Chemical Co., Ltd., 522, Birmingham.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1917.

IS GENERAL TIME A NEUTRAL?

THE Prime Minister has said so; thus classing the old General with General Weather, whose alleged pro-Germanism of the early years of the war—we now count the length of the war in years—has corrected itself since to an impartial “above the conflict” attitude of disgust with all the belligerents.

General Time, similarly, cannot be coaxed into the conflict by either party. Superficially, it will seem that he is now against the Huns, who, naming him Zeitgeist, have made much of him in the past. Mr. Churchill, in his latest public pronouncement, seemed to think it possible, however, that 1918 may see him rattling to the Hun. How can we hold him, please him, and possibly persuade him to overset the equipoise of war in our favour before then?

A dreadful balance of indecision following upon the most violent events, is one of the curious facts that surely differentiate this war from other wars remembered by military critics and correspondents. These gentlemen have been immensely puzzled by General Time. It was one of their favourite sports at the beginning of the war to prophesy that “the next few months would see a decision.” With Hamley’s “Operations of War” at their elbow and memories at best, of South Africa, at second best, of 1870, at worst, of anything between the Crimea and the Crusades, they would then write:—“The decision must come within the next few months. The Germans have no more men, Rumania makes the difference.” And so on, and what not.

Months passed. General Time still wobbling. No difference. And the military critic busy pretending he never said anything about Rumania, or Hun numbers, or a decision...

And then, immediately, he would be at it, Hamley in hand, again:—“there must be a decision within the next few months. America... More men! more men! more men!” His repeated chorus!

Dear man! He relishes on the exceedingly short memory of the public. But all his cajolery doesn’t bring General Time in on our side. May we, as mere lay idiots, who don’t remember the Crimean War—may we ask him, for a change, to say in his next articles on Man Power—“the next few months will not bring a decision”?

Then perhaps the next few months will. For (you must have noticed) General Time always contradicts military critics with the utmost rudeness of an old campaigner.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

Feb. 22.—Grassland that has been newly dug up should not be used this year for vegetables that need a rich and moist situation. It, however, the site has been well prepared by digging, good crops of potatoes may be expected, providing the soil is fairly rich and wireworms and other pests do not abound.

Cauliflowers, cabbages, Brussels sprouts and other greens may also be expected to do well if given attention. Jerusalem artichokes and shallots will prove useful for planting in the new ground.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Life goes headlong. We chase some flying scheme, or we are hunted by some fear or command behind us. But if suddenly we encounter a friend, we pause our headlong flight long enough; now pause, now possession, is required, and the heart swells the moment from the resources of the heart. The moment is all, in all noble relations. A divine person is the prophet of the mind; a friend is the prophet of the heart. Our legitimate waits for the fulfilment of these two in one. The ages are opening this moral force.—EMERSON.

THROUGH “THE MIRROR.”

“NUMBERS AND GENERALS.”

Sir.—The crying demand at the front is surely for the utilisation of all first-class men that fighting men and their families from small seafarers of the battle-cruisers and battle-ships onwards. The cry, “More men!” will thus be answered more sensibly than by removing men from agriculture, shipbuilding or munitions, and then having to put them back.

A. M. E.

ALL THIS MORNING’S GOSSIP.

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The Postponed Speech.

WHEN the Premier makes his speech in the House of Commons to-day—a speech postponed like a fashionable revue—I think you will find that the luxuries of to-day will be the superfluities of to-morrow. We are going to be called on for further sacrifices, including probably provision stores as well as other departments of national life.

M.P.s’ Altered Plans.

I hear, by the way, that the postponement till to-day came as a great surprise to many M.P.s. A good many had made arrangements to be in the country to-day, and some will consequently miss the great event in the House. But scores have cancelled their engagements.

The Forty Fights with U Boats.

Sir Edward Carson, as I foreshadowed, was much more frank in his naval statement in

“Welsh Day.”

Preparations for “Welsh Day” are going merrily forward. I hear from the Viscountess Reading that when Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George pay their visit to Harrod’s they will be greeted with leeks and daffodils—the Welsh emblems.

Helpers.

A stall has been arranged at Harrod’s presided over by Lady Reading, Lady Alexander and Lady Price. Souvenirs—which include button portraits of the first Welsh Prime Minister—are to be sold by Lady Diana Manners, and among the other helpers are Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Fay Compton and Miss Unity More.

In Welsh Costume.

The matinee at the Alhambra in the afternoon, when the Prime Minister will attend, promises to be of unusual interest. Miss



Miss Enid Bell, who is appearing in “The Spring Song” at the Aldwych Theatre.



Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, to whom the Premier has addressed a letter on war economy.

An Opportunity.

A country gentleman whose hobby is fruit farming tells me that he is willing to grant facilities for the study of fruit culture on his farm to military officers who have been disabled in action and, in consequence, discharged from the Army.

For Wounded Officers.

This seems to me an excellent opportunity for such officers to learn fruit culture—an important branch of industry at such a time as this. If any such would care to communicate with me on the subject I will see that their letters are forwarded to the right quarter.

Anthony—Not in Wonderland.

The other afternoon I saw Mrs. Kendal chatting with Master Anthony Pelissier, Miss Fay Compton’s small son. They were discussing the gold watch presented to Mrs. Edward Compton, Anthony’s grandmother, by members of the Theatrical Girls’ Club.

John Bull in Town.

Have you noticed the number of men with a “John Bullish” appearance who are to be seen in London just now? The frequent recurrence of the type puzzled me until I remembered that they were farmers up for the Shire Horse Show.

Velvet.

A correspondent asks me why so many fashionable women have suddenly taken to black velvet. In words once used by Mr. Taft when faced by a political poser: “Heavens knows; I don’t.” In the meantime we can speak of flappers as being in their velvet.

The Labourocracy.

I looked in at the meeting on behalf of the Soldiers and Sailors’ Clubs’ Association at the Westminster City Hall and found a happy family party of dukes and Labour leaders. The Duke of Connaught presided, while the Duke of Portland was on the friendliest terms with Mr. Havelock Wilson.

War First.

The postponement of “The Bing Girls” to-morrow night at the Alhambra was not due to lack of rehearsals or colds in the head. Some of the scenery was delayed by the war, so nobody has a grumble.

Cheorio.

Cheorio, the new Pavilion revue, brightly named. It is one of the cheeriest productions in town. I am revue-hardened, and I suppose hard to please. I must confess, however, that “Cheorio” pleased me mightily. There isn’t a dull moment in it.

A First-Class Show.

A succession of lively scenes is set against an artistically-designed background. Mr. Bovill’s “book” sparkles with merriment, and the acting of Mr. James Godden and Mr. Edward Russell—who appears as Mr. Chatter, of the *Daily Looking-Glass*—the singing of Miss Arice Kelham, and the dancing of Mr. de Bray help to fill out a first-class programme.

Back to the Palace.

When Mr. Alfred Butt stages his next revue at the Palace you will find an old Palace favourite in the star part—Miss Gertrude Millar, who is now resting after her season as the belle of St. Martin’s.

A New Spy Play.

“The Man Who Went About” at the Globe makes its appearance on March 1, but I hope, like that month, it will not come in like a lion and go out like a lamb. Mr. Kenneth Douglas will play a double role, and Miss Hoey is the “only girl in the world,” so the cast of this play is concerned.



Miss Gertrude Millar.

SHE MEETS HER FIANCE’S PEOPLE—No. 8.



The difficulty is not with his brothers, uncles, male cousins or grandfathers. It begins when she is left with the women folk after dinner.—(By W. K. Haselden)

the House of Commons than his predecessor. Last night I found a circle of my parliamentary friends gratified at the promising successes of the anti-submarine campaign, speculating on the number of U boats which had been actually put out of action.

Marie Novello, the Welsh pianist, will play a musical medley of airs composed by her brother, Mr. Ivor Novello. She tells me that she is going to appear in the traditional costume of her native land.

What Lord Fisher Missed.

By the way, I heard a good deal of talk yesterday that Lord Fisher, leading the House when Mr. Churchill, the ex-Lord of the Admiralty, rose to speak. As a matter of fact, the great sailor missed a forceful appeal for the larger use of his services. It was a speech of great knowledge and imagination, and marked by a splendid spirit of magnanimity.

A Vital Word.

I hear that Mr. Albert de Courville is busy looking for another West End theatre. When he finds it he will produce a new revue written round Harry Tate.

The Dardanelles.

According to my latest advice we may have the Dardanelles report on Tuesday. The publication of the document will effect a sensational as well as a salutary effect of justice.

THROUGH “THE MIRROR.”

“NUMBERS AND GENERALS.”

Sir.—The crying demand at the front is surely for the utilisation of all first-class men that fighting men and their families from small seafarers of the battle-cruisers and battle-ships onwards. The cry, “More men!” will thus be answered more sensibly than by removing men from agriculture, shipbuilding or munitions, and then having to put them back.

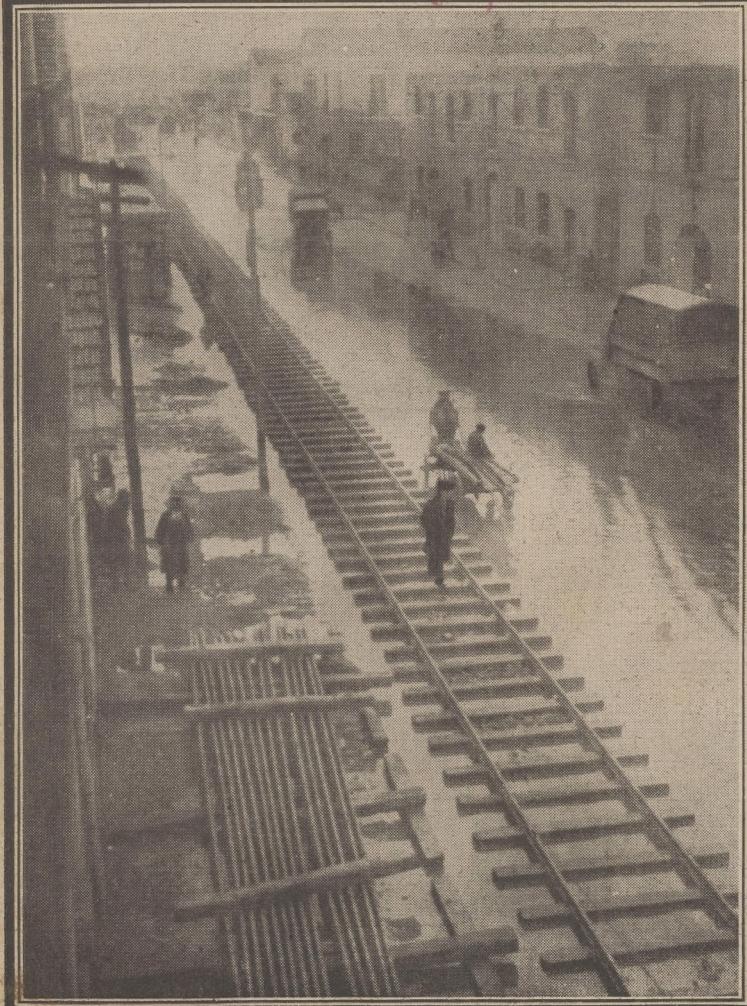
A. M. E.

A Cry from Mesopotamia.

A correspondent tells me that our wounded soldiers in Mesopotamia are sadly in need of illustrated papers, and especially of *The Daily Mirror*. If you will send your old *Mirrors* to the Rev. B. S. Lound, Chaplain, Rawal-Pindi Hospital, Amara, you will earn the benediction of countless “Tommies.”

THE RAMBLER

STREETS IN FLOOD AT SALONIKA.



Opposite headquarters. The W.D. lorries driving through the water.—(French War Office photograph.)

THE FRENCH SHELL THE HUNS AT NIGHT.



A snapshot taken on the French front. It shows a gun the weapon itself providing the light as it sent the shell hurtling through the air.

80ft. DOWN A LADDER TO W...



Loading a truck. Like so many women war workers, they have discarded

MISSING.



Constance Wells, aged sixteen, missing from her home in London since Sunday 1933.



Elizabeth Selina Willlis Forde, found drowned in the River Ouse, near Lewes.



Going to work. The quarry is b...

Though women are filling almost every conceivable
bourn, near Winchester, believe that they are the only
but the trio does no

JOLLY BRITISH GUNNERS SOMME-WHERE IN FRANCE.



The first word can be spelt with one "m" or two. Two describe the locality and one the men's high opinion of the weapon's capabilities.—(Official photograph.)

IN

Robe
Ches
from
He e
eight

HAMPSHIRE'S QUARRY GIRLS.



Wheeling a full truck. The work is hard and keeps them thoroughly fit.



it, deep, and they go down by ladder.

These three girls, who are employed in a chalk quarry at Otterton, are engaged in similar work. It is not without its dangers, as the Mirror photographs.)

HEROES.



Sgt. W. Freeman (Norfolk Regiment), awarded D.C.M. and the Military Medal.



Pte. Michael Gorry, aged nineteen, of the Leinster Regiment, killed in action.

"GOOD-BYE, LITTLE GIRL, GOOD-BYE."



Reinforcements for the Portuguese Expeditionary Force in France marching through Li-bon

AT 14.

RUINS WHICH ARE FRANCE'S GREATEST GLORY.



Ruins of a village near Fort Douaumont, Verdun. It is on this scarred and shell-torn ground that the French arms have won imperishable glory.

STRANGE BILLET ON MONASTIR FRONT.



This poilu, who is reading a letter from home, has made himself comfortable inside a hole at the base of a tree trunk. (French Official photograph.)

THE PHANTOM LOVER.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.



Esther Shepstone.

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor, who has had all the good things in life, is about to help **ESTHER SHEPSTONE**, a beautiful girl, who is earning her own living.

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-for-nothing, who is going to throw the girl over.

JUNE MASON, who is Micky's friend, becomes Esther's friend.

Micky confesses to June Mason that he loves Esther. Driver tells Micky that the announcement of a man's marriage is the best way to end his life.

Micky and June arrange to get Esther away from London, in order that she may not learn about Raymond's treachery. When Esther and Micky are out motoring they stop at a wayside inn. Esther hears two men talking of Micky's marriage.

She rushes away and starts for Paris. Micky follows and catches her up at Calais. Esther is very angry when Micky tells her that Raymond is unworthy; then she breaks down and sobs bitterly.

MICKY'S CONFESSION.

MICKY looked at her for a moment in miserable indecision. Then he got up impulsively, walked the length of the carriage, and sat down opposite to where Esther was huddled.

He stretched out his hand and took hers.

"Don't cry—don't; I can't bear it," he said, hoarsely. He raised her hand to his lips. She had taken off her gloves and her fingers felt like ice. He chafed them gently between his own.

She still wore the cheap little ring, with the inferior stones, which Ashton had given her months ago. A wave of great bitterness rose in Micky's heart.

Of all the money which Ashton had managed to beg or borrow from his friends and acquaintances, surely he could have given her a better ring than this, he thought.

She let her hand lie passively in his. Perhaps she was too miserable to remember for the moment that it was Micky with her, and only realised that there was something kind and comforting in his touch. Presently her sobs quieted a little. She wiped the tears from her face and brushed back her disordered hair.

Micky let her hand go then. He got up and took down the supper basket he had managed to get at the station. There was a small thermos of hot coffee. He poured some out and made her drink it. If he had expected her to refuse he was agreeably disappointed. She obeyed apathetically; she even ate some of the sandwiches.

Micky was ravenous himself, but he would not touch a thing till she had finished.

"You'd be much more comfortable if you put your feet up on the seat and tried to sleep," he said, presently. "You can have my coat as well as the rug. Your hands are like ice."

He took off his coat as he spoke and laid it over her.

"I'm afraid we've got a long journey yet," he said, ruefully. "If you could get some sleep."

Her lips quivered. "I don't feel as if I shall ever sleep again," she said.

But she turned her head away and closed her eyes.

Her cheeks were still wet with tears, and she looked very young and appealing in the rather depressing light of the carriage.

Micky sat looking at her in silence. She cared so little for him that she had even forgotten his anger against him; nothing he could do or say really mattered to her at all; she was not sufficiently interested in him to even trouble to hate him for long.

He wondered what June was thinking and Miss Dearing! He wished from the depths of his soul that he had remembered to send those wires. There was his car, too—he had left that in the yard at Charing Cross—what the Dickens would become of it?—not that it mattered much, he was too miserable to be seriously concerned about anything except this girl lying back in the carriage.

He made up his mind that he would tell her the whole story before they reached Paris; that he would keep nothing back—that he would take the whole blame for this disaster on his shoulders and not try to shield himself at all. There was nothing for it now but to make a clean breast of everything; to let her know exactly what had happened since that fatal New Year's Eve.

Some minutes passed, but Esther did not move—Micky spoke her name once softly.

"Esther . . ." But she did not answer; he leaned over and touched her hand, but she did not stir; in spite of what she had said she was asleep.

Micky gave a great sigh of relief. She must be too tired with emotion; he knew; he drew his coat over the rug and then, knowing he was very cold himself, but that did not trouble him; he finished the contents of the supper basket before he went back to his own corner. He felt better then; after all, it was no joke having gone all day without food.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

He wondered if he dared smoke; he looked at Esther doubtfully, took out his cigarette case and put it away again heroically; but then he folded his arms and leaned back with closed eyes.

He had many long journeys in his life, but none like this midnight one on a slow, uncomfortable train to the one woman he wanted in all the world.

He opened his eyes and looked at her again.

Her face was almost hidden by the big fur collar of her coat, but he could hear her regular breathing, and knew that the sleep was not just feigned in order to prevent him from talking to her.

There was plenty of time before Paris was reached, and he thought comfortably. When she woke he would tell her all that had been on his mind for so long, and so effectively prevent her from carrying out her intention of going to see Raymond.

She would have to believe him; he would force her to believe him. But he quite realised that the end of this journey would also be the end of their pretence of friendship; he had lost everything in this last desperate throw.

The train rattled through the night; it dragged into more little towns and stopped jerkily, but Esther did not wake.

Once when she moved and the rug slipped a little, Micky rose and quietly replaced it. He was very tired himself, but the many thoughts in his brain would not allow him to sleep; he felt as if he were living through years during those long hours.

He remembered how Ashton had said of him in that last letter written to "Lallie": "Micky Mellowes is as rich as Croesus and as selfish as the devil," and he told himself now, with a sort of sick shame, that Ashton had not been so very wrong, after all.

He had brought Esther to this through his own carelessness. His boasted excuse that what he had done had been for the sake of safety and trouble had only been a cloak for his own desires. He had wanted her for himself from the first, and that had been the mainspring propelling everything else.

"Well, I haven't got her anyway," he told his accusing conscience grimly, "and I never shall have her if that's my last wish."

He wondered if Marie Deland had seen him with Esther and what she had thought. He could not bear to recall the look of bitter pain and humiliation in Marie's brown eyes. She had loved him well, he knew—far, far better than ever he had deserved—and it was only fair that he should suffer something as well as she.

He was at that moment full of wishful eyes. What was it that people never fell in love with the right people? he asked himself vaguely. He could have made her so happy.

He closed his eyes for a moment, then dragged them open again. He must not go to sleep, whatever happened. He sat up stiffly.

Presently he lifted a corner of the blind. The train looked a little lighter, as if dawn were not far off. He looked at his watch. Nearly two!

A sudden impulse came to him to wake Esther and make her listen now to what he had to say. The time was getting short and there was so much to tell her and to explain.

He rose and bent over her, but she did not move, and he went back again to his corner. Another half-hour! He would give her another half-hour, and then he would wake her if she still slept.

His head ached unbearably; he would have given anything had it been possible to yield to the overwhelming temptation for sleep, but he dared not do so.

He let the window down a little way, hoping the cold night air would help to keep him awake; the minutes seemed to drag though in reality only a quarter of an hour had passed when Esther woke with a little smothered cry.

Micky was on his feet in an instant.

"It's all right—there's nothing to be afraid of—you've been asleep."

She rubbed her eyes childishly with her knuckles; she stared at him for a moment unrecognising him, then as memory returned, she sank back from him into his corner.

Micky picked up the rug and coat that had slithered to the floor; he waited a few moments till he saw that she was quite awake before he spoke, then he said, gently:

"I hope you feel better. We shall be in now—are you warm enough?"

"Yes, thank you." She seemed aware all at once that he had taken off her coat as well as the rug; a little flesh dried his coat.

"Why did you make me take it? I wouldn't if I had known; please put your coat on."

He took it from her and laid it down on the seat.

"We shall be into Paris very soon," he said again. "And there is a great deal I want to say to you first. Will you listen to me if I try to speak?"

She met his eyes unflinchingly.

"There is only one man who can possibly explain anything to me," she said then, "and he is not you."

Micky lost his temper; he was cold and tired and hungry and his head ached; at that moment she seemed the most unreasonable of mortals.

"I shall not allow you to see Ashton, if you mean Ashton," he said roughly. "The man isn't fit for you to even think about. He's married, you know that . . . Esther, for your own sake—"

She had turned her face away and was looking out into the darkness; she seemed not to be listening.

Micky waited on urgently.

"I blame myself entirely. I always meant to tell you before things had gone as far as this. I shall never forgive myself for not having done so. I've behaved like a cad, I know, but my only excuse is that I loved you; I wanted to spare you unnecessary pain—." He was no longer stammering and self conscious, his voice was

firm and steady. "I suppose I was a fool to imagine that I could ever make you care for me, because it was evident that led me to think I could. I'm on this . . . this phantom lover of yours—." He laughed merrily. He looked at her and his mood changed.

"Esther, let me take you back home; it's no use seeing Ashton—it only means humiliation and pain for you."

Her lips moved, but no words came.

"She will not like that what I say is only the truth. She knows she . . ."

She spoke then—

"She always hated him; it isn't likely she would wish me to marry him." She bit her lip. "Oh, it's no use saying any more," she broke out wildly after a moment. "I'm going to see him; I won't bear it if he doesn't see him—just once!"

"I've told you the truth," he repeated doggedly. "It's no interest to me now to try and prevent you from seeing him. I know I've done for whatever chance I had with you. Oh, for Heaven's sake believe that it's only for your sake I want to take you back home!"

She shook her head, her hands were clasped tightly in her lap.

"I know he's the one that made it impossible to believe him; she thought of the letters she had received from Raymond, the money—the presents—why even this coat she wore had come from him; she felt that she could laugh at this man opposite to her with such overwhelming proof of her lover's faithfulness; she felt that she could laugh at this man opposite to her. A little smile crept over her lips; a little contented, joyous smile it seemed to Micky, the hot blood rushing to his face.

For the first time the injustice of it all seemed to strike him; for he had done his best for her she had nothing but dislike and contempt; but for the man who had left her with a brutal letter of farewell, who had thrown her over because she had no money, she had endless faith and trust in him.

He broke out in a mumble in his agitation.

"I've tried to spare you—I've done my best, but you won't let me . . . I've kept back the truth, but now you'll have to hear it if nothing else will keep you from him. He's never given you a thought since he left London—he imagines that you've forgotten him. It was he you saw at the Comedy Theatre that night when June and I were with him. He didn't even know that I'd let you know that he was London; that he cares for you—care for you—this man you refuse to believe one word against . . ."

"He broke off breathlessly, his eyes flaming as they met hers.

She was staring at him now; her face was white and incredulous.

"If you—if you think I'm going to believe that—she began, in a high, unnatural voice. She stopped; she seemed to realise all at once that she was speaking the truth. She leaned a little towards him. Her breath came in broken gasps.

"Those letters!" she said shrilly. "Those letters! They were from him—they were from him—weren't they from him?" she asked hoarsely.

"No," said Micky doggedly.

Better to hurt her now, he told himself savagely, than let her go on to worse pain and humiliation.

There was a tragic silence; then she asked again, in a whisper.

"Then who—who wrote them?"

A wave of crimson flooded Micky's white face. He dropped his head in his hands as if he could not bear to meet her eyes.

"I did," he said brokenly.

There will be another fine instalment of this splendid serial to-morrow.



TATCHO

The HAIR GROWER

Now that Mr. Geo. R. Sims has placed his imitable Hair Grower Tatcho within the reach of all, sufferers from loss of hair should grasp the great opportunity it holds out to them to-day and make a start with his sure remedy—Tatcho. Under Tatcho's "beneficent influence" your hair will look and feel lustrous, healthy, full of vitality. Where hair is to be seen glossy, healthy and with a lustrous sheen, Tatcho has been the helping aid.

Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/- and 2/-, each bottle bearing the following guarantee: "I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

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"NEW CHAPTER IN EMPIRE'S HISTORY."

Canadian Premier on the
Imperial Conference.

SIR R. BORDEN IN LONDON.

Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier, arrived in London yesterday.

In an interview with Reuter's representative Sir Robert said the journey across the Atlantic under war conditions impressed him most vividly with the wonderful achievement of the Navy in keeping the ocean pathways comparatively secure against the most deadly menace ever devised.

"Throughout the war," the Premier added, "the Overseas Dominions have worked in close co-operation and harmony with the United Kingdom. Through their Governments they are now called into most intimate conference with the mother country."

"But apart from this the summoning of such a conference is in itself a notable and memorable event in the development of our world-wide Commonwealth."

CANADA'S RESOLVE.

"From Canada we bring a message of fixed resolve to throw our whole strength into that effort. Already we have enlisted for overseas service 400,000 men, of whom nearly 300,000 have crossed the Atlantic."

"At the front they have borne themselves worthily under the most searching tests, and their valour, initiative and resourcefulness have brought distinction to their country. Measures to promote further recruiting are now under consideration."

"That in other matters we have sought to do our part, more than 300,000 men and women now working in the production of munitions in Canada bear witness."

"Before the war our borrowings were in London, and financial authorities would have sooner or later agreed to a sum of £4,000,000 could be raised in our Dominion."

"For two years we have not approached the London market and our loans placed in Canada have brought subscriptions exceeding £50,000,000, more than double the amount asked for."

"The Canadian Director-General of National Service has made a rough division of our manhood into three classes—those who should fight, those who should work and those who should pay."

REPLACED 20,000 MEN.

What 5,000 Women Have Done on the Great Western Railway.

"The company had done better in a measure under the control of the 5,000 women who had taken the places of 20,000 of their men who had gone to the front," said Mr. Hedges at the meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway yesterday.

Several queries were put as to whether railway companies were receiving adequate compensation for the work and sacrifices they were accomplishing for the Government.

"Taking all things into consideration," said Viscount Churchill, the chairman, "it has been a very fair and equitable arrangement."

TIME-SAVING LETTERS.

London to Try New Scheme to Simplify Post-Office Sorting.

A scheme is being organised for addressing letters for delivery in London which will simplify the sorting if the public will take the trouble to address their letters in the way the Postmaster-General is about to suggest.

About 3,400 post-office sorters and 6,700 postmen have been withdrawn from the London postal service for military or naval service, representing approximately 84 and 86 per cent. of the men eligible in each class.

Instructions have been issued that Post Office servants liable for military service, whose medical classification has not been finally determined, should submit themselves for medical examination by the military authorities.

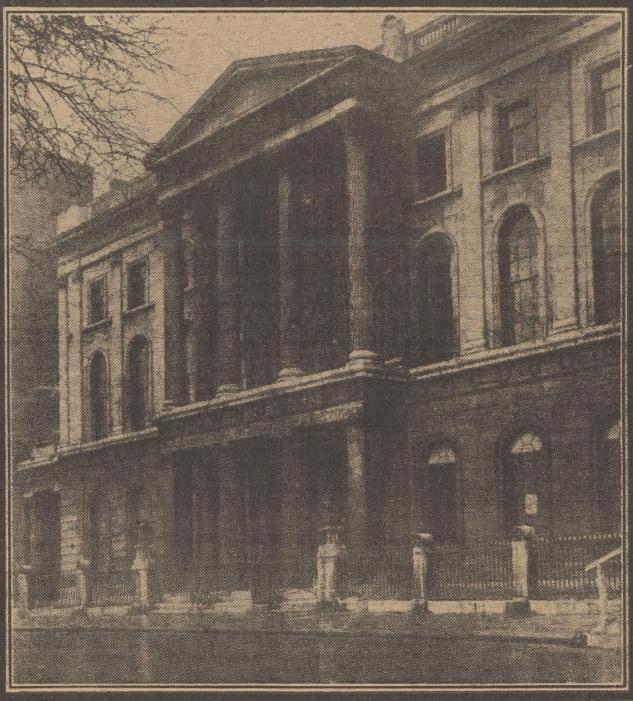
"SPRING SONG" AT THE ALDWYCH.

The new farce produced by Mr. West de Fenton at the Aldwych Theatre last night an amazing tangle of ludicrous situations, very clever studies in eccentric character given by Mr. E. M. Robson and Mr. Bruce Conon. The latter plays the part of a who always falls in love with a woman named Madeline's "Spring Song." Ada Blanche was as finished, charming as ever, and Miss Enid Bell made the part of Lisette.

NG AND THE WOUNDED.

Accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, visited French, visited Colchester and inspected the troops in the and presented medals to a is in hospital.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE CITY.



Exterior view of the School of Oriental Studies, London Institution, Finsbury-circus, which will be formally inaugurated by the King to-day. At the City boundary the ancient ceremonial of presenting the sword by the Lord Mayor will be observed.

EIGHT MISSING MEN OF WHOM NEWS IS SOUGHT.



Rfn. H. J. Frostwick (London Regiment). Write to Miss E. Morgan, at 16, Duncan-street, Richmond.



Rfn. Harvey (London Regiment). Write to Mrs. Harvey, 5, Poyntz-road, Battersea, London, S.W.



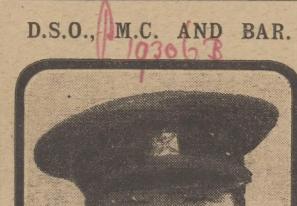
Rfn. E. Daws (King's R.R.). Write to Miss E. Daws, at 17, Oxford-street, Scarborough.



Pte. F. J. Shepherd (Gloucestershire Regiment). Write to 138, Bedford-road, St. George, Bristol.



Charles Francis Munro (Wife of his mother, at 10b, The Avenue, Blackheath, London, S.E.).



D.S.O., M.C. AND BAR.



R.L.M. T. Badman (London Regiment). Write to R. Harlow, 11, Lansdowne Park-road, Cockham, London.



Cpl. G. H. Breach (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Miss M. H. Breach, Mayhurst, Barnet, near London.



The Rev. Ronald Irwin, who has been awarded the D.S.O., the Military Cross and a bar to the latter decoration. He has been serving with the forces in Mesopotamia, and has just been decorated by the King.



Pte. W. Winn (K.O.Y.L.I.). Write to Mrs. Winn, 29, Lune-terrace, Derby-rd., Skerton, Lancaster.

FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Miss Helen Cooper, Trained Nurse, Explains a Natural and Permanent Cure at Home by the Same Treatment Used in Hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is not only the risk of Bright's disease, dropsy, or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from personal experience that rheumatism, gout, rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, bladder or gall-stone, etc., are all simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply first cleanse and purify the kidneys completely by taking a number of water to which a level teaspoonful of purified *alicia saltrates* has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting standard compound at slight cost, and it dissolves sharp uric acid crystals at hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, nor lodge in joints and muscles, also the acid is quickly filtered out and excreted by the kidneys. The salted water will also stimulate a torpid liver or clogged intestines, clearing them and the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus, and bacteria.—H.C.—(Advt.)

War-Time Cookery

OXO users frequently are kind enough to send to OXO Ltd., useful and economical recipes, the value of which they have proved in their own experience. We have pleasure to reproduce one or two below:



OXO VEGETABLE STEW
(Quickly Made).

3 lbs. potatoes. 1 Swede turnip. 2 or 3 carrots. 2 teaspoonsfuls of OXO, 2 or 3 onions, 3 pints water, 1 oz. dripping, pepper and salt. Wash and peel all vegetables. Melt dripping in a saucepan and put onions (chopped) into it. Turn fat over, turn down heat and let onions brown. Then add water and OXO, cut up vegetables, and boil until tender. Pepper and salt to taste.



Make some pastry shells, and when cold spread the inside thickly with a mixture of fresh bread and OXO in the proportion of 1 lb. OXO to 4 lb. bread. Fill up with some cold fish, after carefully removing all bones, and place finely chopped parsley on top.

The number of ways in which OXO can be used to effect economies in the home is remarkable. Now that meat is so expensive OXO can be used with advantage in its place in Soups, Gravies, Entrées, Beef-jellies, etc., while a cup of OXO and biscuits form an ideal and economical light luncheon.



OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.



LINGFIELD 'CHASING.'

Sport To Be Resumed To-day After a Long Break Through Frost.

After a break of four weeks racing will be resumed at Lingfield this afternoon.

There will probably be some extraordinary upsets of form, trainers having been at their wits' ends to keep their horses in racing fettle during the past month, but the programmes both for to-day and to-morrow are excellent, and there should be some keen competitions. My selections are appended.

12.45.—BLINDLEY HEATH CHASE, 100 svs; 2m. 2.50.—SOON O' MELTON. 2.0.—WHITE SURVEY. 2.0.—POLYDAMON. 2.0.—EUGENIST.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*RAKE ROCK and EUGENIST.

BOUVERIE.

LINGFIELD PROGRAMME.

12.45.—BLINDLEY HEATH CHASE, 100 svs; 2m. 2.50.—SOON O' MELTON. 2.0.—WHITE SURVEY. 2.0.—POLYDAMON. 2.0.—EUGENIST.

*RAKE ROCK and EUGENIST.

BOUVERIE.

1.30.—FELCOURT CONSOLIDATION HURDLE, 100 svs; 2m.

Old Blue 5 12 7 Sir Antegal 6 11 6 Hollins Lane 5 12 5 Bendover 6 11 6 Squares Dance 5 12 5 Nilhilet 6 11 6 Mr. Roder 5 12 5 King's Year 5 11 10 Bethlehem 5 12 1 Alans 5 11 5 Neil Cameron 5 12 0 Fair enough 5 11 5 Gittins 5 12 0 Minster 5 11 5 Fortyfoot 5 12 0 Munitions 4 10 3 Fly, Car 5 11 12 William Orme 4 11 3 Pheasant 5 11 12 Muddle 4 11 2 Sissey Ben 5 11 8 Cambyses 4 11 1 King's Coat 5 11 7 Marion 4 11 0 Vale Rock 5 11 7 King's Coat 4 10 11 Crossbills 5 11 7 Pheasant 4 10 11 Rook 5 11 7 King's Coat 4 10 9 Polydamon 5 11 7 Peacock 4 10 9 Glatz 5 11 7 Peacock 4 10 7 Waterhen 4 10 6

2.0.—SURREY CHASE, 500 svs; 2m.

Temperdewney 8 12 7 Father Confessor 8 11 3 Vermouth 7 12 2 Yellow Chas 5 11 0 Eugene 7 12 1 Hockster's Boy 10 11 First Mail 10 12 0 Schoolmomey 8 10 8 Convictor II 11 12 0 Break Out 7 10 10 Lov 9 11 10 0 King's Coat 8 10 8 Captain Dreyfus 9 11 4 Charlbury 8 10 3 Bachelor's Flight 10 11 4 Ballymacad 10 10 2 All 9 11 3 King's Coat 8 10 2 Queen Ismail 9 11 2 Sergeant Murphy 7 10 0

2.30.—MARCH HURDLE, 100 svs; 2m.

Sensation Lady 6 11 7 Squire Bruce 5 10 12 Honey 6 11 7 Old Blue 5 10 12 Talana Hill 8 11 7 Harwood 5 10 12 Velociter 9 11 7 Pretty Edgar 4 10 5 Sir 6 11 7 Alabaster 4 10 5 Dick Dunn 11 11 7 Robert 4 10 5 Dublin Bay 8 11 7 Early Morning 4 10 0 Paul 7 11 7 Flotation 4 10 0 Frat 8 11 7 Sultan of Egypt 4 10 0 Captain 6 11 7 Pinmark 4 10 0 Sagacious 6 11 7 Spherical 4 10 0 Sons of Melton 6 11 2 Silver Shank 4 10 0 Tremolite 6 11 2 Sweet Fruitt 4 10 0 Wild Aster 16 11 2 Vane 4 10 0 Wild Rose 6 11 2

3.0.—GREENSTEDE CHASE, 150 svs; 2m.

Albion 11 12 0 Wavyhose 5 11 6 Condor 11 11 0 Biscuit 6 10 12 Drinaugh 14 11 10 Tweedleum 5 11 6 King 11 11 0 White Survey 5 10 12 Meridian 10 11 10 0 Blockade Runner 8 10 10 Noah 8 11 6 Ven 4 10 0 Captain IV 10 11 6

3.30.—LINGFIELD WEATHER FLAT RACE, 200 svs; 2m.

Race Rock 11 12 0 The Guller 7 11 7 Regal 5 11 7 Dabber 6 9 12 Wishing Day 4 10 2 1/2 Irish Recruit 4 10 2 Kenia 6 9 12 Cobbler's Wax 4 10 2 Desmond's Song 6 9 12 Bagpiper 4 10 2 Desirous 6 9 12 William Orme 4 10 2 Poethlyn 7 9 12 Patrick's Day 5 10 1 Proximus 5 9 12 Vale Rock 5 10 1

NEWMARKET EXTRA DATES.

Yesterday's issue of the *Racing Calendar* gives the dates of the extra meetings at Newmarket. They are: First, Tuesday, February 28, three days; second, June 12, three days; third, July 31, three days; fourth, August 14, three days; fifth, September 4, four days.

THE POOR MAN'S EFFORT.

70,000,000 War Certificates Purchased in Twelve Months.

The wonderful popularity of the £1 for 15s. 6d.' War Savings Certificates, especially among the poorer sections of the community, has proved one of the financial revelations of the war.

The first £1s. 6d. Certificate was issued by the Government exactly a year ago yesterday.

To date, the number of certificates sold thus far is 2,504,000, and the total is well over 70,000,000, and of these nearly 20,000,000 were sold during the few weeks of the great War Loan boom at an average sale of 4,000,000 a week.

The unanimous enthusiasm of the nation for the War Loan, ensuring, as it did, its success, has also given a tremendous fillip to the sale of the Savings Certificates.

The first £1s. 6d. Savings Association came into being only about three months after the sale of the first certificate.

Before the War Loan lists opened there were 17,623 of them in existence.

To-day there are 22,697—in factory and office, in school and church—in fact, wherever any number of people congregate with any frequency.

A few fewer than 1,425 of these new associations were formed during the final week of the War Loan campaign, and the record for any single day—277—was reached on the Wednesday of that week.

NEWS ITEMS.

Big Bequest to Charities.

Mrs. A. M. Baird, of Southgate, who left £44,753, bequeathed nearly £20,000 to various charities.

Women Solicitors.

The Bill to allow women to act as solicitors, presented by Lord Buckmaster, applies only to England and Wales.

Buried Alive for Forty Days.

Having been buried in a snowdrift for forty days, a ewe has been rescued, still alive, on Hampton Fell (Westmorland).

Ban on Blankets.

The Army Council has found it necessary for military reasons to forbid the dispatch of blankets to British prisoners in Germany.

To Deal with "Unseen Hand."

To consider further steps to deal with enemy间谍 in the country a conference of bankers and merchants is to be called by the City Corporation.

First to Fall.

Lieutenant Bramwell Sayer, Royal Fusiliers, who was wounded last Sunday and died the next day, was the first Congregational minister to fall in the fighting line.

Princess at Cinema.

Films illustrating the recent tour of the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Guards in Ireland were seen by Princess Arthur of Connaught at the Scala yesterday.

NEWBURY ABANDONMENT.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances which have occurred, the Stewards of the National Hunt have given the Newbury executive permission to cancel the meeting fixed for next Friday and Saturday.

At the Ring yesterday afternoon Sid Whatley beat Joe Conn on points in a fifteen rounds bout.

At the annual meeting of the Shire Horse Society yesterday, the Prince of Wales was elected president for the coming year. The three-year-old stallion *Secundus Junius* realised £1,339, the second highest price realised at the sales.

Food will feed you more if you take Bovril

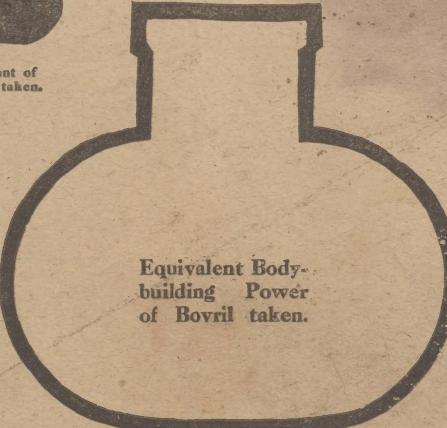
Now that you need to get every ounce of nourishment out of the food you buy, the scientific experiment practised here is of intense interest.

Having been given a fixed standard, added men of Bovalin. This did not mean that Bovril applied itself in some mysterious way in the body, but that the action of Bovril was enabling the men to extract more nourishment from the standard diet they were taking. After a while the Bovril was discontinued and the weight fell off again on the same diet.

Take Bovril and your food will feed you more. Your weekly rations will yield you greater nourishment. Add Bovril to your diet to-day.



Amount of Bovril taken.



MANSION POLISH

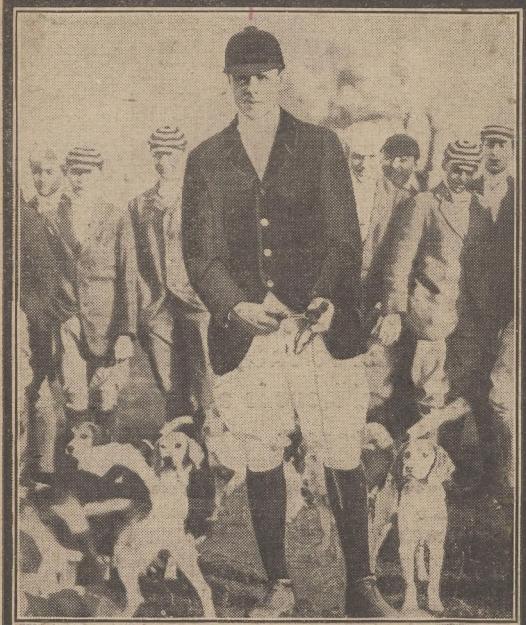
Your War-Savings can be Increased by the assistance of MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee—she saves time and money. Her wonderful wax preparation, MANSION POLISH, parts a rich, lasting lustre to all kinds of Furniture, Linoleum and Standard or Special Papers, and it is so quick and economical to use. *In Time of all Dealers*, Cheshire Polish Co. Ltd., Cheshire, London, W.

MANSION POLISH
FOR FURNITURE, LINOLEUM.

THE RED LIGHT: BY MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

Daily Mirror

ON ETON'S ROLL OF HONOUR.



Second-Lieutenant W. A. D. Eley (K.R.R.), at one time master of the Eton Beagles, who has been killed in action.

ACTING IN HER NATIVE LANGUAGE.



Mlle. Gina Palerme (nearest camera), in the French version of "Tantalising Tommy," at the Court Theatre.

CANADIAN LUMBERMEN AT WORK IN SURREY.



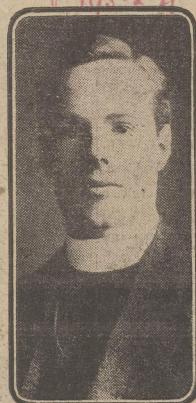
Putting up the logs into planks in the saw mills. They are for the use of the Army.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT ¹⁰³⁰²⁴ IN PARIS.



Mr. Gérard posing for the French newspaper photographers outside his hotel in Paris. He has now left the French capital and is on his way home.

FELL IN ACTION.



Lieutenant Bramwell Sayer (R.F.), of Chatham, who has died of wounds. He is the first Congregational minister to fall in the firing-line.

THEIR PLEASURE TRIP IS OVER.



Their Irish tour being concluded, the Canadian Irish are now undergoing a strict course of training before going to the front. Here one of them is being fitted with a gas mask.